

GERMANY STARTS TORPEDOING MERCHANT SHIPS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1915

One Halfpenny.

**"BACK TO THE LAND": BRITISH ARMIES ARE LANDED IN FRANCE
AND EVEN TURN PLOUGHSHARES AGAINST THE GERMANS.**



Troops swing on land.



A ploughshare turned into a trench shield has been well peppered with bullets.

Once the British armies have been swung up by cranes and safely landed in France they take to the land like badgers and are thoroughly at home. Great admiration has been expressed by neutral observers over the way the Allies have made their

trenches and protected them. Even such humble things as ploughshares come in useful. In the larger picture an officer is seen making observations from behind one of these ploughshares, which earlier in the day suffered a severe bombardment.

BRITISH HURL BACK GERMANS AND CAPTURE TWO TRENCH LINES

Enemy Lose 200 Killed and 117 Taken Prisoner in Furious Onslaught.

HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING IN ALSACE.

Allies Driven from 150 Yards of Trenches by Violent Shelling.

GERMAN SUCCESSES IN TWO WOODS.

Fierce fighting at several points in the great battle line was reported yesterday.

British troops, it is stated, have played a gallant part in repulsing a German attack between Lens and Arras.

So hot was the British counter-attack that the Germans were driven back for 800 yards, losing two lines of trenches and having 200 men killed and 117 taken prisoner.

In the official French report it is stated that in the forest of Apremont the Allies were driven from 150 yards of trenches which had been captured from the Germans.

In Le Pretre Wood the Germans also retook some captured trenches.

GERMANS RETAKE THEIR LOST TRENCHES.

Allies Unable to Hold Ground in Face of Violent Bombardment.

PARIS, Jan. 22.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

In Belgium the enemy bombarded Nieuport somewhat violently.

Our infantry made some slight progress to the east of the Lombaertzyde road.

Between Ypres and the Oise our artillery successfully fired upon various works, batteries and groups of infantry.

From the Oise to the Argonne the situation in the neighbourhood of Soissons is unchanged.

Near Berry-au-Bac a trench which we had been obliged to evacuate as the result of a violent bombardment was recaptured by us.

In the region of Perthes the enemy during the night of the 20th-21st made an unsuccessful attack to the north-west of Beausejour.

TRENCHES LOST.

Between the Meuse and the Moselle to the south-east of St. Mihiel, in the forest of Apremont, a bombardment of extreme violence made it impossible for us to retain the German trenches which we seized yesterday over a length of 150 yards.

To the north-west of Pont-a-Mousson in the wood of Le Pretre the enemy recaptured part of the trenches won by us on the 20th.

We maintained ourselves on all the rest of the position.

In the Vosges the enemy threw upon St. Die six projectiles of heavy calibre without causing any serious damage there.

Between the Col du Bonhomme and the Col de la Schlucht there was an artillery struggle, in which the German batteries were reduced to silence.

In Alsace the infantry action which was in progress in the region of Hartmannswierkopf is being continued with extreme violence in a veritable hand-to-hand contest.

Before Dannemarie our artillery dispersed some concentrations of the enemy.—Central News.

HOT BRITISH ONSLAUGHT.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 22.—It is stated that the Germans delivered violent attacks between Lens and Arras, but that they were repulsed with considerable losses to them.

The Allies' artillery effected good work by silencing the German artillery at several points. Near Visny the German attack on the Allies' trenches also failed.

The British troops delivered a counter-attack and repulsed the Germans over a distance of 800 yards with loss to the enemy of two lines of trenches.

PARIS, Jan. 22.—A violent artillery engagement in Upper Alsace began at 5 a.m. on Tuesday and continued until 9 p.m.

The Germans fired a large number of shells into Thann, which they evidently intend to destroy completely.

The French bombarded the quarries at Cernay, which have been transformed into forts.—Central News.

COAST BATTLE RAGING.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 22.—Despite the bad weather the battle is raging uninterruptedly between Nieuport and Ostend, says a Sluis telegram.

The guns are thundering continuously on the coast and along the line of the Yser.

The trenches near Roulers, which were dug as a line of defence behind the front, are in bad condition, being filled with water and mud.

There are constant movements of troops through and towards Central Flanders, going to and from the front.—Reuter.

KAISER WHITEWASHED BY DISPLACED GENERAL.

Von Moltke's Declaration That Germany Did Not Want War, but Is Sure to Win.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 22.—The Berlin papers here publish an account of an interview which a representative of the Berliner Zeitungs-Korrespondenz, a new agency, has had with Count von Moltke.

The Count declared that neither he nor anybody else in Germany wanted war.

"Why," he asked, "if we were so eager for war, did we not strike our blow during the Russo-Japanese war, when Russia was defenceless, or when Great Britain was sorely tasked with the Boer War?"

Now our enemies are suddenly doing their utmost to prove that we provoked war at a moment chosen by us. That is folly for this war against such superior numerical forces is no child's play.

The Count's interviewer suggested that the resolution to go to war must have been felt by the Emperor also as a very heavy responsibility.

Striking the table with his fist, and speaking with obvious emotion, the Count replied:—

"You may be sure it was a terribly heavy blow for the Kaiser. Do people never consider how tremendous is the responsibility of a conscientious monarch, who has to pledge his people's blood?"

Such a burden is only assumed by a man like the Emperor when the life or death of his people is at stake.

Speaking in a tone of firm conviction, the Count declared: "Germany must win, but," he added, "the war may last a long time yet. We may be certain that Germany will not perish. We shall be victorious."—Reuter.

General von Moltke was Chief of the German General Staff when war broke out, but was afterwards replaced by Baron von Falkenhayn.

TRAP FOR THEIR OWN FEET

The recent Royalist rising in Portugal has awakened a good deal of indignation in diplomatic and Republican circles in London.

An incidental Portuguese citizen said yesterday that the action of the Royalists in trying to embarrass the Portuguese Government at this moment was, to say the least, unfortunate and tactless, and was calculated to rebound disadvantageously upon their own heads.

Nothing more effectively tended to alienate the sympathies of the British people, who had shown such great consideration for the ex-King Manuel and his mother at a time when they were in danger.

It was a poor expression of gratitude on the part of the Royalists to increase the difficulties of the Lisbon Government when it had placed itself at a temporary disadvantage in its desire to assist the ally of several centuries.

Both the Portuguese and the British Governments, it is stated, have been for some time fully aware of the intrigues of the Royalist party, and have been to some extent able to anticipate public agitation.



It is not often that the London children get an opportunity to play at snowballs, and such a target could not possibly be resisted.

DACIA ORDERED TO START MOMENTOUS VOYAGE.

British Embassy Notifies That Vessel Will Be Seized If She Leaves Port.

The steamer Dacia (3,545 tons), with a cargo of cotton for Germany, is to sail from Galveston, Great Britain, the State Department at Washington has informed the owners, will seize the vessel.

The Dacia was recently bought from the Hamburg-American line by Mr. Edward N. Breitling, of Michigan, the American born son of a German.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—The State Department has notified the owners of the Dacia of Great Britain's decision to seize the vessel. The owners have, however, replied that they will nevertheless let the vessel sail as a test case for the Prize Court.

The British Embassy has made further representations to the State Department regarding the collier Farn, contending that she has never been before a Prize Court, and is therefore still British.

Count Bernstorff has no instructions from Berlin regarding the subject, and has therefore only asked the State Department for information that would provide him with a basis for representations.

Meanwhile the State Department has rescinded its instructions for the release of the ship's interned crew pending further consideration of the important questions involved.—Reuter.

CARGO LOADED.

New York, Jan. 22.—The steamer Dacia is now fully loaded.

Mr. Breitling has given orders for the vessel to sail immediately.

Commenting upon the Dacia incident, the New York Herald says: "Legislation of real importance is being deferred by a farcical fight over an absolutely needless and dangerous project. Who wants the Ship Purchase Bill, any way? In every part of the land well-informed commercial organisations have protested."

If the Dacia is seized the cargo will be paid for and the fate of the steamer will be decided by a prize court.—Central News.

TURKS IN FULL FLIGHT FROM RUSSIANS.

"Situation Precarious" in Erzerum, Owing to Ottoman Defeats—Kurds' Raid Repulsed.

ROME, Jan. 21.—The *Agenzia Italiana* publishes a telegram from Petrograd stating that fighting continues with success for the Russians in the Caucasus.

Storms and snow are hindering the pursuit of the Turks, who are flying towards Erzerum.

Near Kara Urgan four Turkish divisions were destroyed, but few prisoners were made. A number of the soldiers were frozen to death.

The Turks can only send to the front in the Caucasus two new army corps.—Central News.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 21.—The official Turkish communiqué states that the Russian attacks along the Caucasian front have now been brought to a standstill.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 21.—A message received from Constantinople by indirect route, via Athens, states that the situation at Erzerum is very precarious, as the result of the Turkish defeats.

Many well-to-do civilians have fled to Brussa. The Turks are requisitioning all that they need from the population in Asia Minor.—Central News.

FIGHT ON FRONTIER.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 21.—The *Bourse Gazette* learns from Yakhitchewan (Transcaucasia) that a band of Kurds attempted to cross the Russo-Persian frontier over the River Aras near Djulfa, but were repulsed by the frontier guard with heavy loss.—Reuter.

GERMAN SUBMARINE SINKS LEITH SHIP.

Steamer Torpedoed After Crew Had Been Forced to Take to Their Boats.

TOWED SIX HOURS BY FOE.

Germany has begun her submarine war against British merchant ships.

The first victim of Admiral von Tirpitz's reckless plan to destroy our merchant ships is the steamer Durward, of 1,301 tons, owned by Messrs. G. Gibson and Co., of Leith. She was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine twenty-two miles west of the Bus Lightship in the Maas.

Germans boarded the steamer and, covering the captain and crew with revolvers, ordered them to leave their ship. They got away in their own boats, which landed them safely at Rotterdam, and sunk the German submarine towed them for six hours to the lightship. Then the submarine made off at high speed.

CREW ORDERED TO BOATS

ROTTERDAM, Jan. 22.—The English steamer Durward, from Leith to Rotterdam, was torpedoed yesterday afternoon by a German submarine twenty-two miles north-west of the Bus Lightship in the Maas.

All the crew were safely brought on board the lightship, and were later taken on board a Dutch pilot boat, which landed them safely at the Hook of Holland. They then proceeded to Rotterdam by train.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 22.—The account received here of the sinking of the Durward states that the crew of the vessel reached the lightship in their own boats.

On reaching Rotterdam they were temporarily lodged in the London Seamen's Home.

Later—According to further particulars received here regarding the sinking of the Durward, the look-out on board sighted the German submarine at half-past two in the afternoon.

A few minutes later the submarine ordered her to stop, and the German officers came aboard, covering the captain and crew with their firearms.

They then ordered all on board to leave the vessel immediately, giving them no time even to remove their private belongings.

The boats were lowered, and about five minutes later some of the Germans came on board them.

HEARD THREE EXPLOSIONS.

They were then towed some distance from the Durward and ordered to wait till the submarine returned to the ship and torpedoed it.

The crew heard three successive explosions, but it was between twenty and thirty minutes before the Durward sank.

The submarine then returned to the boats and towed them for six hours till they reached Maas Lightship, at nine o'clock in the evening.

The submarine then left them and went off at full speed.—Reuter.

FUGITIVES NOT TO SAIL.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 22.—The *Telegraaf* learns from the Hook of Holland that it was thirteen miles west by north of the Maas Lightship that the Durward was torpedoed by the Germans.

Owing to the sinking of the vessel the Harwich steamer Munich, which was about to sail from the Hook of Holland with 450 fugitives on board, will not leave.—Reuter.

RECKLESS PLAN OF HATE

Germany's submarine war on British merchant ships scarcely comes as a surprise, since Admiral von Tirpitz, in an interview on December 2 with Mr. Karl von Wiegand, the Berlin correspondent of the United Press of America, said:—

A submarine war against British shipping would be more effective than an invasion of England by Zeppelins.

This pronouncement received wide endorsement in the German Press, and it was stated again and again that the Admiral's intention was to leave the crews of the sunken vessels to their fate.

Rear Admiral Schlieper, in a remarkable article in the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger*, wrote:—

England is waging a "business" war against us, and hopes to be able to crush us economically. We must begin a systematic andiless war of retaliation against British commerce.

Captain von Persius, the naval writer, discussing Von Tirpitz's statement in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, wrote:—

In all probability the putting into execution of Admiral von Tirpitz's idea would play an important part in cutting off Great Britain's life blood.

The *Cologne Gazette* assented unreservedly to Tirpitz's plan. It said:—

Against British merchantmen must be begun and carried through recklessly. . . . We must try to hit the vital point of Great Britain—viz., her merchant fleet.

WOUNDED "WARRIORS" IN A BLUE CROSS HOSPITAL.



This is a general view of a Blue Cross hospital somewhere in France, where many hundreds of war-weary and sick horses are receiving every care. In the present war man's best animal friend is not being overlooked, but is being tended by the Blue Cross Society, who reported it a most patient patient.

HOW THE IRON "DUKES" AMUSE THEMSELVES.



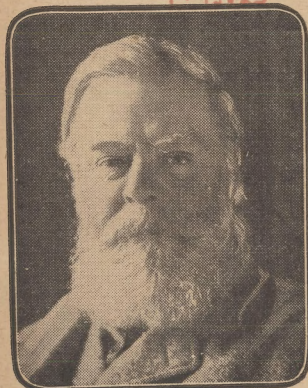
This photograph was taken on H.M.S. Iron Duke on Christmas Day, when, although the Fleet was chasing the shy Germans, the crew amused themselves with a minstrel party, while two Jack Tars turned themselves into a "baby elephant."

A CHESHIRE V.C.



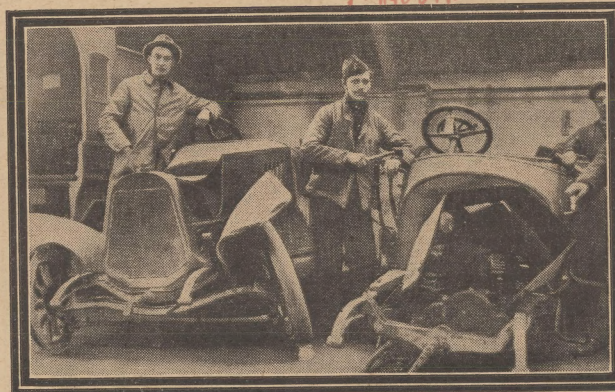
Sergeant Rowland Shubotham, of the Cheshire Regiment, who has gained the V.C. for rescuing a wounded officer.

JUST MARRIED.



Lord Polwarth, whose marriage to Miss K. E. Baillie has taken place at Holy Trinity Church, Melrose.

HOSPITAL FOR BELGIAN MOTOR CARS.



As there are no facilities for repairing damaged Belgian motor-cars in Belgium—and they get damaged with great frequency in modern warfare—they are brought to a motor "hospital" in London and repaired here by Belgian mechanics.

'I am a different person since taking your SURE CURE for ASTHMA'

Thus writes Mr. W. H. Tomblin, of Burley-on-Hill, near Oatham, Rutland, under date January 18, 1915, the full letter reading as follows: "Dear Sir,—After taking five bottles of your sure cure for asthma I am quite a different person. If only the thousands of other poor sufferers knew of this wonderful cure I am sure they would be grateful. I am recommending it to all I know, and anyway I can help you in gaining further successes I shall be most pleased to do.—Your truly (Signed), W. H. Tomblin."

Confirming these statements Mrs. Tomblin (mother of the above) also writes: "My son has received great benefit from your 'Asthma Cure.' He has not had one attack since he started taking it. I wish I had heard of it years ago, as my son has been a great sufferer."

Mr. Tomblin's case is particularly worthy of notice on account of the fact that being a chauffeur his occupation necessitates his being out, not only at all hours, but in all weathers. This, however, is only one of the many thousands of cases where a "sure cure" has been accomplished by the agency of Dr. Hair's treatment.

Yet, as Mr. Tomblin aptly remarks, there are "thousands of other poor sufferers" who do not know how easily and how simply they can cure themselves of their Asthma, Bronchitis or Catarrh.

ALL SUFFERERS TO BENEFIT.

In order, however, that everyone who suffers from Asthma, Bronchitis or Catarrh may learn how they can in a comparatively short space of time put an end to their misery, Dr. Hair, whose system of treatment has proved so uniformly successful wherever adopted, as instanced in Mr. Tomblin's case above, has written a treatise in which his system of treatment is fully, yet simply, explained.

A large edition of this medical work has been set aside for free distribution among sufferers. Readers of "The Daily Mirror" who are suffering from these dread complaints or who have friends so afflicted should therefore lose no time in obtaining one of these treatises, as once the present edition is exhausted a reprint cannot be guaranteed.

The book contains exclusive information showing you how to rid yourself of your Asthma, your Bronchitis or your Catarrh, and rapidly restore yourself to perfect health.

NO PAYMENT REQUIRED

Are you a sufferer yourself? Then you owe it to yourself not to miss this opportunity of getting rid of the complaint that is destroying your comfort and making your life a misery. Fill in and post the coupon below, when a free copy will reach you gratis and post free within 48 hours of dispatching the application. Make a point of writing for this book to-day and you will have taken the first step towards accomplishing the cure you have so long sought in vain.

FREE BOOK COUPON

TO DR. B. W. HAIR & SON (Dept. 11 B),
90-91, High Holborn, London.

Please send me a free copy of Dr. Hair's
Treatise on Curing Asthma, Bronchitis and
Catarrh. My trouble is

Name

Address

D.M., 23-15.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1915.

RETURN OF THE GOBLINS.

A YEAR OR TWO AGO we were all going to see the "Miracle" in London, and experiencing with delight the eeriness of certain sensations created by the whimsical, evil music of the Spielmann in it—that little devilish gleeman whose pipe turned fair into foul. The Germans have always been good at goblins—nearly as good as the unknown person who placed the wonderfully impudent devils on the top of Notre Dame in Paris. We have enjoyed German goblins, and the Spielmann gave us pleasure. But who ever thought, as Humperdinck's otherworldly notes rang out in Olympia (now a residence for Germans) that we should see something of the goblin spirit realised in daylight of the new century?

Yet if you study their newspapers, their war books, and listen to the utterances of their leaders, you will find that the tune being piped in the land of kultur is oddly in imitation of the Spielmann's. His pipe has bewitched the race that dreamed of it. Alone of all the now deeply engaged races does this race delight in its business. But business isn't the word. The others, all of them, go to this war indeed as a business; whereas, for the German leaders, it is dogmatised as a delight. The Spielmann's tune! He didn't play because it was a business, but in response to the evil lilt within his soul, his earthly music being but a rendering of his unearthly lusts. He played and played, and everybody danced, and the weak nun and the strong captain followed this leader as obediently as the little children and rats followed our genial piper in the poem. Soon the world was, as it were, waltzing to his melody. Hell located itself visibly on the surface of earth.

And, behold, this piper reappears! Day by day, the German apologists appeal to their following crowd with the Spielmann's tune, now cynical, now harmoniously hidden. In the German "War Book" it is open, like the loud laugh of the piper, or the piper's significant death-march. We are told that Prussia, if she lives up to her ideal, will seek to destroy the "total intellectual and material resources" of her enemies. Note that "intellectual"! The next day, we are told that Germany is the intellect of Europe. That is why she destroys everybody else's evidence of national intellect—lest there should be a standard of comparison. Perhaps even a Prussian vaguely feels that you mustn't set Rheims beside the Sieges Allee of Berlin. And all this goblin-rubbish her people drink, as the nun danced to the Spielmann.

Goblins look queer in clear daylight—like under-gardeners or somebody working on the estate. You cannot believe in them. They are a chronological error. They don't exist. . . . Then softly, louder, very loud, as winter and death and barrenness close about us, you hear the piper's tune and recognise the goblins at work.

In some such image do we piece together our confused and amazed sense of that difference which, in spite of a dread of self-righteousness, all workers and thinkers over the world are being forced to recognise between Germany and the other nations. In Germany's ears still rings the odd evil tune. And she makes Europe dance in obedience to her hallucinations.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"Whatever honour we can pay to their memory, is all that is owing to the dead. Tears and sorrow are no duties to them, and make us incapable of what we owe to the living.—Lady Montagu.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

THE "SEAFORTH" SPIRIT.

OF ALL the letters written by soldiers since the beginning of the war, the one in your edition of the 21st by "Seaforth" is just about the limit. Poor chap!—I am really sorry for him.

Of course, the rifle and equipment do feel a bit heavy at times, and he is not allowed to give a boy a shilling to carry it for him! His poor feet must ache after a route march, and I am sure he must be cold when on night work, and perhaps a little angry because he can't smoke or go home when he wishes to. Then, again, when he overtakes the adjutant in the street, taps him on the back, and asks leave to go to his grandmother's seventy-seventh

and when I asked for bread they gave me a stone—so to speak.

Since then I also have been asked by Swiss and Belgians if I were French—but never, oh, no, never by a Frenchman!

Undoubtedly, a very good knowledge of French can be obtained in England: a Parisian accent—no!

T. J.

A MODEL VILLAGE.

I SEE in your paper sometimes the number of soldiers serving with the forces from one family.

This is only a small village in North Bucks, and yet over forty-six men have joined the colours. One man (Henry Curtis) has five sons

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Doubt and Belief in the Time of the Great Struggle.

"MALIGNANT" NATURE?

THOSE who say Nature is malignant merely show that they cannot see beyond the end of their own noses.

If man could see the whole universe, and understand it all, as the universal immanent mind, which directs the universe, does, he would see that all is for the best.

A child, when it rains, frets and fumes because it is wet, not knowing that rain is necessary for the existence of life on the earth. In the same way men think how horrible it is that killing each other at the present time, but if we knew all we would see that all is necessary.

Anyone having brains goes through three mental processes during the war. First he believes in the dogmas, then, seeing how absurd they are, he falls into atheism, and then, when he sees how perfect everything is which he can understand, he realises that there is a Power, with infinitely more wisdom and love than any man, which directs and governs the universe, and that this Power knows best what is good for us, though we, in our blindness and petty thoughts, think all is wrong. A BELIEVER.

HAVING lived mostly alone with Nature for over thirty years I think I have had exceptional opportunities of forming an estimate of her humours.

During all these years my life has over and over again hung upon the strength of a three-eighth chain when winter storms have shrieked their wildest as the gale swept madly down the Highland loch, or death has grinned hideously amidst arcs of black and half submerged rocks round which the fiercest tides in the world swirl in ceaseless fury.

Do I therefore cry hysterically, as some of your correspondents do, that Nature is malignant?

Nature is mighty, irresistible, relentless, it is blindly opposed. But woo her as she loves, coax her as we, the heirs of the fruit of knowledge of good and evil know how, and she will coo as the gentlest dove.

If men will go on building where Nature's vastest strength still throbs untamed, whose fault is it? Even here, if they learnt from those who go down to the sea in ships, they would ride securely amidst the wildest spasms of Mother Earth. A dwelling built, not after the shape, but after the principle of a ship, resting, self-centred and self-contained, upon the soil would ride out earth's billows as well as a ship does those of the sea.

JACK ALL ALONE.

QUICK PROMOTION?
A WORD in criticism of Mr. Percy Mather's letter.

I have been three years in one of our crack Yeomanry regiments, and am now a very efficient horseman, having as intimate knowledge of my corps as any officer, and an ex-public school and University man used to command in my profession, but still am a trooper.

I have seen many examples of promotion as typified by my correspondents' experience, and all long service men have seen only too much of it. Company quartermaster-sergeant and contented! How surprising! G. B. J.

IN MY GARDEN.

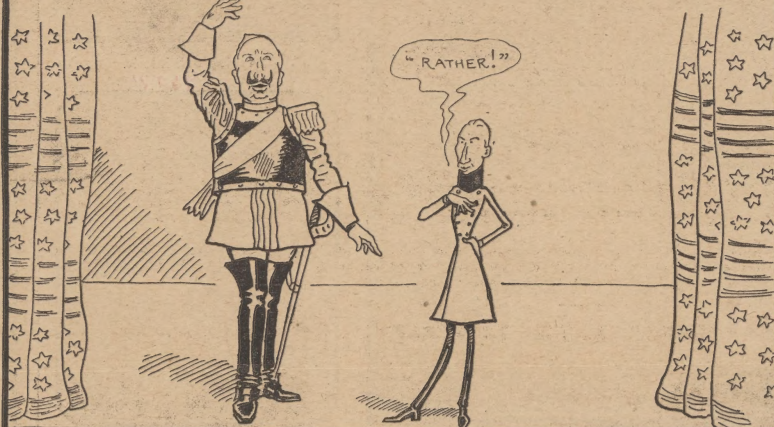
JAN. 22.—The polygynous (knot-weed) are for the most part very strong-growing perennials, that are useful for planting in shrubberies and near large ponds. In such positions their handsome leaves are sure to attract the eye. Affine is, however, suitable for the rockery.

Polygonum baldschuanicum is one of our showiest hardy climbers. It will soon cover a large wall space, and looks especially decorative when set against a tree. A spray of pink and white flowers appear during the summer and autumn.

E. F. T.

GEMS FROM BIG WILLIE'S SPEECHES—Extract No. 5.

THE FOUNDATION STONE OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN GERMANY AND THE UNITED STATES WAS LAID BY FREDERICK THE GREAT, AND THAT FRIENDSHIP IS NOW AS STRONG AND UNSHAKEABLE AS A GRANITE ROCK."



"HOW DOES SHE (GERMANY) PROPOSE TO DEAL WITH THE VAST BODY OF HATRED SHE IS BUILDING UP FOR HERSELF?" (FROM THE "NEW YORK WORLD")



His remarks about America and Germany before the war may be profitably contrasted with the remarks made in America about Germany since the war began.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

funeral, he must feel a little hurt because he is invited to discuss the matter over a Bass, but has his request politely refused.

Besides, what right has the commanding officer to order a route march when our Seaforth wants physical drill? Did anyone say "Discipline"?

Of course, there is no such word. We can all "grouse." But some of us are proud to be Seaforths, and wherever we are sent we hope to do our share.

WICK SEAFORTH.

Bedford.

THE FRENCH ACCENT.

DURING a twenty years' Continental residence I never met an English-bred compatriot who spoke French perfectly; but I know several who speak admirably well.

Discrimination in the matter of French accent can, I consider, come only from residence in France.

"Minor," who has my sympathy, avows that she has not left London. Her naive young letter reminds me of my own youth. For eight years I took prizes for French; then I went to France,

who are all in the Army. One of them has come back severely wounded, another is at the front, two more are going out with the next draft, and the fifth is in training.

There is also another resident (Mr. Mason) four of whose sons have enlisted.

The village possesses no rich people, yet they have all subscribed well for various funds and are now entertaining seven Belgian refugees.

P. C. FAULKNER-WOOD.

Great Horwood, Winslow, Bucks.

THE COVENANT.

Such grace shall one just man find in his sight That he relents, not to blot out mankind, And makes a covenant never to destroy The Earth again by flood, nor let the sea Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world.

With man therein or beast; but when he brings Over the Earth a cloud, will therein set His triple-coloured bow, whereon to look And hail to mine him covenant. Day and night, Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost, Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new.

Both Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

—MILTON.

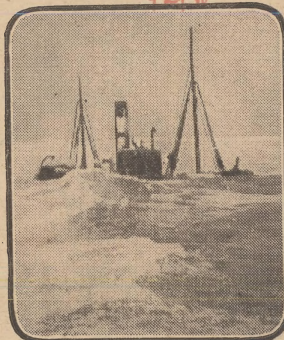
JUST FISHING IN A NORTH SEA SWELL.

929W

929W



Dipping well into it.
929W



A nasty swell for fishing.

This ship is not sinking.

These remarkable photographs of fishing trawlers in the mine-strewn North Sea were taken during the recent gale. They seem to show that the North Sea has dangers other than mines. The photographer who took the pictures had to be lashed to the mast of a vessel.—(Yorkshire Cinematograph Co.)

THESE BRITISH SOLDIERS MIGHT REALLY BE RUSSIANS.

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9.330.F



A cyclist corps in yesterday's snow.
9.330.F



A march through the snow.



Lined up in the snow.

The heavy snowfall in England was greatly enjoyed by our troops, who, when they were not marching and drilling, did a little snowballing on their own. Many of them at a distance bore a strong resemblance to Russian troops in the snow. Some one might have started a Russian rumour again. Perhaps they will do so.

A WARSHIP'S DE

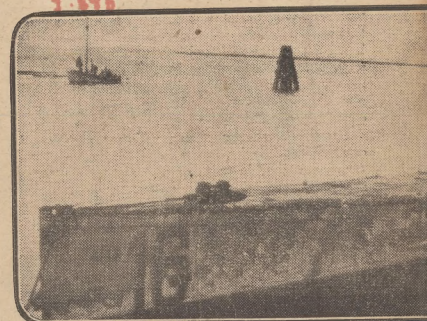
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This remarkable photograph of the deck of the famous which saw the destruction of that vessel as one of the modern naval gunfire on an opponent.

9.55H

U 16 WILL NOT TORPED



The German submarine U 16 which, having sustained damage, was not allowed to return to their own country. Her officers were not allowed to return to their own country. submarine cruise.

AFTER BATTLE.



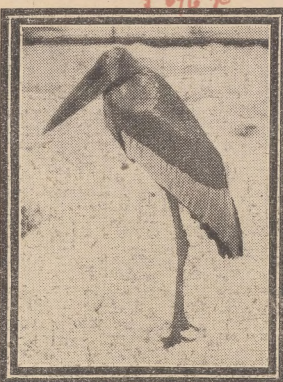
Cruiser Emden was taken immediately after the battle by British fighting forces. It illustrates admirably the effects of modern artillery which is complete and utter wreckage.

USEFUL MERCHANTMEN.



The ship, which was forced to seek shelter at the port of Esbjerg, doubtless grieved not to take a hand in Germany's new naval armament.

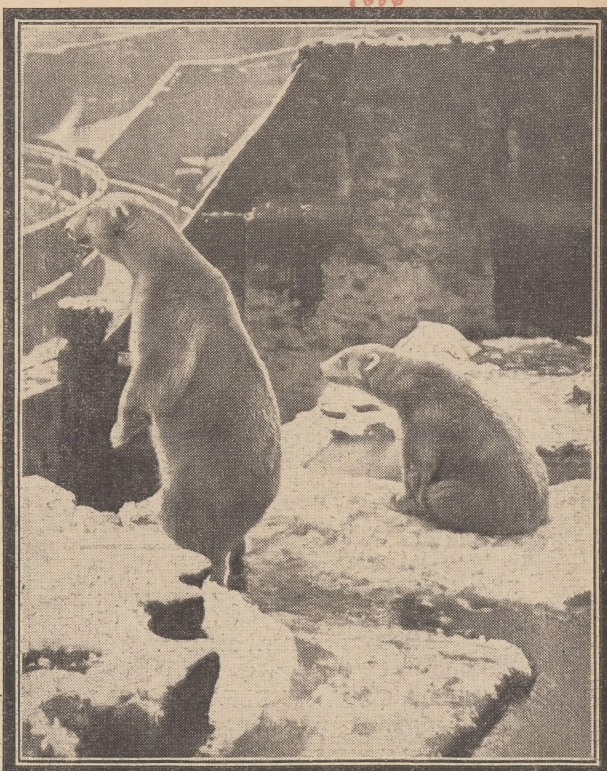
"IT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE HOME," SAYS SAM.



The large stork was philosophical.



The clown penguin was quite at home.



Sam, the Polar bear, stood up with delight in the snow.

On the whole the animals seemed to enjoy the snowfall yesterday morning thoroughly when they woke up in a Zoo that was transformed into a white city. Sam the Polar bear and his mate absolutely revelled in it. They looked at the snow long and longingly and thought of home. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

QUITE SNUG AND COSY.



This little suburban lady was attracted by the snow yesterday and insisted on going out. She was given a great umbrella, under which she thoroughly enjoyed herself while paddling in the snow, and she looks delightfully quaint, quite self-important and pleased to be photographed.

A VERY NEUTRAL BELGIAN FARMER.



The owner of this frontier Belgian farm has some of his pasture land in Holland. Here he removed his stables and cattle to save them from the Germans. Frontier marked X.

ANOTHER MILITARY ENGAGEMENT.



Hon. Miss Sibyl Fellowes. Captain J. G. Butler.

The Hon. Miss Sibyl Fellowes, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady de Ramsey, is to marry Captain J. G. Butler, of the 1st Life Guards, eldest son of Lord and Lady Arthur Butler.

1915

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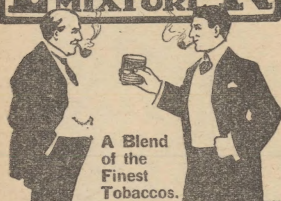
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To obtain the above benefits the reader must order "The Daily News" from his newsagent and obtain from him this

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I hereby acknowledge the receipt from

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this 23rd day of January, 1915, of an order for the delivery to his address of one copy of "The Daily News" daily from this date until further notice and including the benefit of the Free Compensation Fund, subject to all the conditions as specified from time to time in "The Daily News."

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THIS STORY HAS A MOST FASCINATING PLOT.

JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

"She is a woman, therefore, may be won."

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JEAN DELAVAL, a charming, clear-headed, sincere girl of twenty-four.

LIONEL CRAVEN, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight.

ASHLEY CRESWICK, his half-brother. He is a moneylender.

FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman.

DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

LIONEL CRAVEN, on board a liner coming over from South Africa, is day-dreaming about a girl on board who interests him profoundly.

He does not know anything about her—not even her name. She is very reserved and does not mix with the other passengers. Day after day he has become more enthralled with her beauty and personality.

His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench, who brings the latest news.

"I've found out all about her," he says excitedly. "Her name is Jean Delaval, and she is one of the Delavals of Delaval. You know the sort of thing—poor and proud. She is a governess to the Hepsteins and has refused an offer of marriage from young Hepstein, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father, who is very rich."

Lionel Craven is very silent. "You seem very interested," remarks his friend.

"It's like this, Derek," Lionel says. "I've fallen in love with that girl—wholeheartedly in love. I've often heard of love at first sight—well, it's happened to me, that's all."

Derek Trench, realising that Lionel is in grim earnest, contrives to introduce them.

At first Jean Delaval cannot make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her that he is making friends too quickly—that he holds her friendship too cheaply. Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity.

One night, when they are nearing Madeira, Lionel asks Jean Delaval to marry him. "I love you—I love you," he says. "It's impossible," she cries tremulously. "You hardly know me." Lionel pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the one man amongst all men for her, finally consents.

They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time, but she promises to write to his club address in London.

Lionel goes straight to his half-brother, Ashley Cresswick, in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business purposes, but meets with a rebuff. In the middle of the argument Fay comes in. Lamenting, she says that she must take her husband away for a minute or two. Lionel is left in the lurch.

When husband and wife are together she asks him what it is that Lionel wants. Ashley Cresswick tells her. "You must be mad," his wife says.

Ashley Cresswick then confesses that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to get Lionel out of the country again. He adds that the only one who knows about the will is a bedridden old man named Delaval, who has a daughter named Jean.

"Then, why worry?" his wife argues. "Lionel cannot possibly have met her. As they are talking a maid brings a card in. A Miss Delaval to see Mr. Cresswick," she says, and adds, "She is very beautiful."

The situation is a critical one, but by clever manoeuvring Fay gets Lionel into another room. She learns from him with a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

In a heated interview with Ashley Cresswick Jean promises to pay off her father's debt in a month. After writing to Lionel and breaking off the engagement, she sends a cable to young Hepstein saying that she will marry him if he will lend her £5,000 for a month.

Lionel gets the letter, makes out "Keston" on the post-mark and gets ready to go there.

FAY GETS A CLUE.

FAY CRESWICK and her husband sat opposite each other at the breakfast table for some time in silence. There was an indefinable air about both of them like the aftermath of a devastating storm.

She was keen, alert and irritable with the servants, finding fault a dozen times for no cause. Ashley sat hunched up over his plate, toying with a breakfast for which he had no appetite; his face whiter than usual and his eyes dark-rimmed as if from want of sleep.

It was very seldom indeed that Fay ever designed to put in an appearance at the morning meal, but now she seemed to fear the danger of leaving the two brothers in conversation without the shield of her protecting diplomacy.

She seized the opportunity of the momentary absence of Patrick and the parlourmaid to reproach Ashley with his palpable depression.

"For goodness' sake, pull yourself together," she cried. "Can't you see you are giving the whole thing away? You look like a hunted criminal. It's all being discussed in the kitchen by now."

"Where's Lionel?" Ashley snapped the words out suddenly as if his wife were responsible.

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

sible for his brother's absence. "He's always down before this."

"Farkes," said Mrs. Cresswick sweetly as the butler re-entered the room, "where is Mr. Lionel?"

"Breakfasted and gone, madam, an hour ago. He had an appointment, I believe."

"An appointment? Do you know where?"

"Well, madam, I don't know rightly, but he was making inquiries about a place called Keston and asked me to look up an early train."

"Keston? And where is Keston?"

"That's what I had to find out for him, madam. It's near Bromley, in Kent."

"Oh, yes, of course."

The smile she assumed to show her indifference was followed by an angry frown and shake of the head, at her husband as soon as the butler's back was turned.

"Have you finished, Ashley, dear?" she asked, "because I want you to spare me ten minutes before you go to the office."

Ashley took at his wife. "It must be now, then," he said. "I'm late as it is."

"Come upstairs to my room then—no, wait a minute; they are turning that out." She led the way to the library and closed the door carefully.

"Didn't I tell you you were alarming yourself needlessly?"

"I don't understand," he answered. "Where is this Keston and who is he doing there? Why did he refuse the money last night? Why does he say he doesn't mean to leave England?"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, one question at a time. You weren't in a state of panic the thing would be as clear as the noonday sun. There's no one at Keston. He's gone on a wild-goose chase, and yet it makes the whole thing as plain as a pikestaff."

"If you're going to talk in riddles, Fay, I'll be off."

"Well, then, my dear, stupid man, where are the Delavals staying?"

"Staying? Why, at Folkestone."

"Where. Now do you see? Keston—Folkestone?"

Ashley shook his head with an expression on his face as though he thought his wife had lost her reason.

"I'm bothered if I do," he said.

"Well, it means, my dear, that Jean Delaval has posted a letter to Lionel from Folkestone, and, owing to a defective post-mark, he has merely got the middle part of the word."

"The middle part of the word?"

"Yes, the Lord Chancellor," he said; "yet I don't see that it helps us at all. The fact remains that the girl has written to him, and that they are in communication with each other."

"The fact, though she has written, she has given him no address. Oh, Ashley, it's as plain as anything can be. Surely you can see it as I do? The two young ducks get engaged on the boat coming over and now she has written—to his club, mind, not here, because he told me so; she doesn't know he's here—and broken it off."

"But why?"

"Why knows?" she replied with a shrug. "There may be several reasons. It might perhaps be fickleness, though from what I have heard of her, I should hardly think so."

"Then, do you think? You know what a woman would be likely to do in these circumstances?"

"I know what a sensible woman of the world would do; I know what I should do, but what a romantic fool would take I have no conception."

"She didn't strike me as a romantic fool by any means."

"That's why I want to meet the girl. I can't possibly judge what is in her mind until I've talked to her; but what I think, Ashley, is this. She goes home from Africa to find her father at the point of death and likely to be ruined. She writes to Lionel, to whom she has become engaged, throwing him over, and then she comes straight up to see you."

"That's right."

"With what object? You've told me yourself that what she wanted was a month's delay in order to find the money. Now, where is a girl like that to find £5,000 at a month's notice?"

"That's what struck me as fantastic. I asked her the very question."

"Where do women find money, except from men? And what man lends it without a consideration?"

"You don't mean . . ."

"I mean that it seems to me there is some rich man who has been dangling after her, and that to save her father she has thrown over a man she's fond of and accepted the other for the sake of the money. At least, that's what it seems to me, and now that I'm dealing in brilliant ideas, I have another."

"Which is?"

"Which is, my dear, that the period she mentioned—a month—seems to me to point very clearly to South Africa."

Ashley looked up eagerly. "By Jove, Fay," he said, "I'm bothered if I don't think you're right."

"The man made a clumsy attempt to embrace his wife, but she repelled him with an almost imperceptible shudder."

"There, keep your wits together," she said. "Attend to your own business and leave this to me."

"What are you going to do, Fay?"

"Act as usual, according to circumstances; see that this marriage with our Von Hoggensheimer from South Africa takes place without delay and spend the rest of my time in bamboozling dear Lionel. If he absolutely refuses

to go out to Africa again—we'll try to keep him amused with Keston."

Ashley watched her with a kind of hungry adoration and made a second attempt, but an embrace, but she pushed him away and offered her cheek to be kissed.

"Now go to the office," she said imperiously, "and leave me to think this business out."

She left the parlour with graceful and rapid quickness up the stairs; too quick for him to see the expression of disgust with which she brushed the kiss from her face.

THE CABLE'S ANSWER.

JUST about the time that the above conversation was taking place in the library at Kensington, Lionel Craven was stepping out of the train at Hayes.

It had seemed to him a journey of interminable length. The crawling slowness of the train, the endless procession of suburban stations and the long wait at a wayside place where he had to change made him almost wish he had walked the distance.

And even when he had alighted at Hayes his patience was subjected to a further trial, for he found from the directions given him by a porter that he had to go to the house of his father like two miles before he reached the field of operations.

Fortunately, the rain of the day before had ceased, and the day broke clear. The walk, which soon brought him out on to an extensive common covered with bracken and gorse bushes, was far from unpleasant, and he felt his spirits sensibly rising at the first glimpse of a blue sky with a sun in it which he had seen since he had reached England.

In the excitement of his mission he had touched hardly any breakfast before he left London, and, although a man in love as he was ought to be above such things, yet he found himself ravenously hungry by the time he reached the outskirts of the village for which he was bound.

He looked about him with interest and delight. Somehow, the place seemed fit for the habitation of a girl like Jean Delaval. It was out-of-the-world and aloof, and accustomed as he was to the pioneer settlements of the wild country in which he had lived so long, there was something civilised, trim and "finished" about the cottages, with their gardens running down to the road and their ancient walls and fences.

He paused for a minute to gaze up at the old black windmill; then entered a little inn, with leafy benches and a sanded floor, and called for bread and cheese and ale.

"Many people staying here?" he asked casually of the landlord.

"Not at this time of the year, sir. Very quiet we are, very quiet indeed."

"I suppose you don't know any people of the name of Delaval living round here?"

"No, sir, I don't. Leastways, not by name. There's a house on the Down road where some new folks have just come in, I believe, but I haven't heard their name."

Lionel's heart gave a thump. "And when did they come?" he asked.

"Well, sir, it'd be just as near as possible about a week ago."

Lionel's face lit up with a pleasant smile. "I expect that will be it. Which way do I go?"

"I got his direction and set out. It meant another mile or steady tramp, but what did he care about that when at the end of it . . ."

He smiled to himself as he trudged along. Once he had found Jean he had no care or doubt about the result. Besides, if she had really wanted to put him off the scent, would she not have taken the elementary precaution of posting the letter further away from home? She must have known that in a village of 300 inhabitants discovery was the simplest thing in the world.

He found the house at last, after some trouble. It was a new—painfully new—gabled house with white builders magnificently call "stucco" all

(Continued on page 11.)

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF.

Girls! Try it! Your hair gets soft, fluffy and luxuriant at once.

If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness, and is fluffy and lustrous, try Dandruff.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots fall out, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy, or too oily, get a 1s. 11d. bottle of Knowlton's Dandruff of any chemist; apply a little as directed, and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Dandruff. If eventually—why not now!—(Adv.)

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Better than calomel, oil or pills to clean and regulate liver, bowels and stomach.

Mother, daddy and the children can always keep feeling fine by taking this delicious fruit laxative as occasion demands. Nothing else cleanses the stomach, liver and bowels so thoroughly without griping.

You take a little at night and in the morning all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and fermenting food delayed in the bowels gently moves out of the system. When you awaken all headache, indigestion, sourness, foul taste, bad breath, fever and dizziness are

gone; your stomach is sweet, liver and bowels clean, and you feel grand.

"California Syrup of Figs" is a family laxative. Everyone, from grandpa to baby, can safely take it, and no one is ever disappointed in its pleasant action. Millions of mothers know that it is the ideal laxative to give cross, sick, feverish children. Ask your Chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeits sold here, so look and see that your bottle bears the name of "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup, "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all leading chemists, 1s. 11d. and 1s. 9d.



Lady Evelyn Ward.

Lady Evelyn Ward.

Yesterday's news must have brought comfort to Lady Evelyn Ward. Her husband, the Hon. G. E. F. Ward, of the 1st Life Guards, had been reported missing. Yesterday that report was amplified—he was rescued as wounded, though a prisoner. This may not be the best of news, but it is a deal better than the uncertainty of "missing." Mr. Gerald Ward is a brother of Lord Dudley, and his wife is a daughter of Lord Erne, who sits in the Lords as Baron Fernagh.

"Ordered South."

This will not be the first time that war has brought anxiety to Lady Evelyn Ward. In the first few days of her married life—within a week of the wedding, if my memory serves me right—her husband was ordered to South Africa with his regiment. From that campaign he returned safely, and we all wish him an equally safe return from this war.

A Mysterious Loss.

One of the minor misfortunes that have befallen Lady Evelyn Ward was, some years ago, the loss of a beautiful lace veil, which she wore at her wedding and which had been used by many other brides of her family. She wore it as a wrap to a ball one night, and left it in the cloakroom. When the time came to leave that veil was missing, and as far as I know it has never been recovered.

What a Day!

What a day yesterday was! A business man said to me at lunch time: "A day like this hits trade harder than the war." He was right. At the restaurant where we were lunching the tables, usually crowded, were half empty. The shops were the same. Nobody stirred out who could avoid it. Falling slush, thawing snow, colds, influenza! Ugh! What a day!

Somebody Pleased.

Darkest London, I am glad to find, pleases somebody. I quote below an extract from a letter written by a soulful and artistic friend of mine who, though he is "doing his bit" with the Anti-Aircraft Corps, finds time to enthuse over the colour effects of London-in-the-Dark.

London's Red Lights.

"How Whistler would have loved this London of 'no lights,' he writes. 'When dusk comes and the Thames is veiled in mystery all the old City's ugly lines melt into a nocturne of half-tones. Lights glow instead of dazzle, and the new order for red lights on the back of all vehicles makes the Embankment at night look like some fairyland vista, where red and gold lamps are strung out on an invisible cord.' Very nice for artists, but most of us, I think, would prefer a little more 'crude arc.'

Interesting War Souvenirs.

I was offered a cigarette yesterday from a skilfully carved wooden case, which aroused my curiosity, and my friend (its owner) told me its history. It was made by men of the Royal Naval Brigade interned in Holland. The men have instituted a wood-carvers' shop there, and are turning out cigarette cases, boxes, trinket and jewel cases and photograph frames in carved wood, which they are selling to any customers that may offer.

Where to Get Them.

The occupation keeps them amused, and also adds to the scanty funds, available for luxuries, of many of them. The workmanship is remarkably good, and, since I am a collector of interesting souvenirs, I am writing for a box for myself. If any of my readers want any they should write to the Wood-Carvers' Shop, 1st Royal Naval Brigade, interned in Holland, Interneerings Depot, Groningen, Holland. The articles cost about six shillings apiece.

U. P. S.

There seems to be no end to the ludicrous mistakes about the meaning of the various letter badges worn by soldiers. The latest was told me by a friend who joined the University and Public Schools Corps in the early days when uniforms were scarce and often the only distinguishing mark were the letters "U. P. S." on an armband. He was travelling by train when a stranger leaned across the carriage and, pointing to my friend's armband, said sympathetically: "That is hard lines. By the look of you, I should never have thought you were unfit for public service!"

To the Kaiserin's Rescue.

General von Falkenhayn, who has found the two offices of War Minister and Chief of the German General Staff too much for him, found favour in the sight of his Sovereign some twenty years ago when he was able to do a "neat little job" for the Kaiserin at the time of the Berlin riots. On this occasion the Empress was in a state of great alarm, since crowds were howling abuse round the Schloss and hooting all who went in and came out.

.. / Empress' Dilemma.

When this state of affairs had lasted for three days, the royal children, accustomed to plenty of exercise, grew mutinous, and demanded to be allowed to go out for their usual drive. The Empress was at a loss to know what to do, for it was exceedingly difficult to explain to her offspring why they were kept indoors; at the same time she did not know how the crowd would treat the children.

A Prussian's Sacrifice.

Major Von Falkenhayn, as he then was, proved equal to the situation. He offered to venture out in civilian clothes—and this alone was a stupendous sacrifice on the part of a Prussian officer!—and so disguised he patrolled all the streets until he could definitely state that the riots were over. Then the royal children were smuggled out for their drive.

Vocal Gymnasts.

Since the war began there has been quite a boom in learning languages, and, though Russian is a difficult tongue to master, there are a number of enthusiasts who are holding séances for the purpose of talking Russian. I met two members of this circle yesterday, who have just got as far as attempting to pronounce the thirty-six symbols that make our Ally's alphabet a phonetic jig-saw puzzle for the beginner.

Too Horrible.

They were making the most extraordinary noises at one another. They said it was Russian, but I know it wasn't; I have heard Russian spoken and it is quite a musical language. The sounds these people were making ranged from the noise of a railway engine puffing out of a station to a bear's growl, grunts and hollow groans. First aid and an isolated barn will be required, I understand, when they reach the verbs.

Not Quite in His Line.

How men are allotted their places in the Army is a good deal of a gamble. Witness the incorporation of a Paris lawyer among a lot of "tripeiros" (or tripe-dressers) at La Villette slaughterhouse. He made such a mess of the first lot of material he was given to operate on that the "sergeant-tripeiro" asked him with some heat where he had learned his trade. The barrister replied that he had never handled such things before, and that he was an advocate. The other tripe-dressing soldiers laughed loudly, and the sergeant told him not to make a fool of his superiors.

The Penalty of Fame (Misunderstood).

Then the lawyer pulled out the regimental sheet, stating his civilian occupation, and the sergeant read: "Master of arts, doctor of law, employed in the revision of the Code Tripieiro" (Tripieiro was a noted jurist). "What did I tell you?" he asked, triumphantly pointing to the word "Tripieiro." "Do you mean to tell me now that you aren't a tripe-dresser?" Recognising the hopelessness of attempting to explain that the Code Tripieiro had nothing to do with tripe, the advocate hung his head in confusion. To the end of the war one of the best-known barristers in Paris will remain a tripe-dresser at La Villette slaughterhouse.

A Baffling Scourge.

I was discussing the value of inoculation among soldiers yesterday with a friend who has worked for some years in a leper settlement, and I learnt some interesting details about this dread and mysterious disease. He told me that scientists had never been able to inoculate animals with leprosy, and so had never succeeded in obtaining an anti-toxin for leprosy.

Must Sing Sharp.

Lepers, too, have a peculiar musical trait, and one exceedingly disconcerting to an accompanist. They have an extraordinary tendency to sing sharp. The result is remarkable. They will start a song in a comparatively low key and finish it in a comparatively high one. This, my friend told me, was the invariable state of things when they joined in the hymns in church.

The New Lord Justice.

Many congratulations, I hear, reached Mr. Justice Bankes yesterday on his appointment as a Lord Justice of Appeal, in succession to the late Lord Justice Kennedy. The new Lord Justice might almost be said to have been born in the judicial ermine. On the maternal side he is a grandson of Sir John Jervis, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, while one of his great-grandfathers was Lord Chancellor Eldon.

"I Know All About It."

Sir John's celerity in dealing with business is largely accounted for by the fact that he reads and remembers all affidavits. Whenever counsel commenced to read one Mr. (now Lord) Justice Bankes would interpose with the remark, "I have read it; I know all about it." Yet, with all this dispatch, he has always been the most genial and considerate of Judges.

A Deadly Cross-Examiner.

At the Bar the new Lord Justice enjoyed the not very common combination of being both a great lawyer and a deadly cross-examiner. His success in the latter field was due to a quiet and perfectly courteous manner, which old-fashioned cross-examiners of the Buzfuz type would have scorned. Sir John once stood for Parliament as Conservative candidate for the Flintshire Boroughs, but he was beaten by Mr. T. H. W. Idris, of mineral water fame. His charming manners and handsome face have adorned the Bench for four years.

After the Empties.

Is it anxiety about ammunition or merely tender care for the children that has prompted the German authorities to offer to schoolchildren and others money for empty cartridge cases they may find on manoeuvre grounds? "Such cases," says the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, "are easily adapted as toys, but it is in the army's interest that they should be recovered whenever possible. The War Minister has therefore ordered local authorities to see to the matter and to offer 1½ d. a pound for empty cases. Schoolchildren are being instructed in this matter, which is important as the cases, which sometimes contain fragments of powder, are sometimes dangerous toys."

Not Arthur.

Looking at this photograph, you will probably think it is Mr. Arthur Collins, of Drury Lane, in uniform. As a matter of fact, it is his brother, Lieutenant Horace Collins, of the Army Service Corps, who is now at the front in France. He writes me a charming letter, in which he says: "I have developed from a Press representative into a connoisseur of jam and oats."

Lieut. Horace Collins.

A Lively Letter.

"I spent New Year's Eve," he continues, "with Seymour Hicks and Gladys Cooper. The men enjoyed the show. By the way, I shan't see the Lane pantomime this year. The theatres doing very nicely just now, Mr. Collins, but it seems funny that you, of all people, should be asking for information about your own theatrical world."

1,322 Footballs Received.

We finish up the week's football campaign well, but on the defensive. Reinforcements of thirty-nine yesterday brought our total up to the grand figure of 1,322; but "Tommy's" attacks have been fierce. He came at us again forty strong and though we just managed to hold our own on the day, about eighty applications have, in the words of the communiques, "established themselves within our lines," and my worry is how to get them out again.

"Tommy" Is Beating Us.

So next week I propose we make a most violent effort and try to raise the total to 1,500. Will you help? Remember that every football brings pleasure to about forty men serving their King and country at home or abroad. But for your help the men will have nothing to do with their few hours of leisure. If you help you will give them pleasure and healthy recreation and earn their deepest gratitude. THE RAMBLER.

British v. German Soup Squares



Before the War the English market was flooded with German Soup Squares, which had a very large sale.

The Patriotic British public now refuses to buy these German productions, and calls upon British manufacturers to produce goods of equal or superior merit and thus permanently capture this German trade.

The well-known firm of Foster Clark, Ltd., of Maidstone, has succeeded in producing a fine variety of

2d. Soup Squares

which give the housewife better value than was given in any foreign soup squares, so that it is not only patriotic but profitable to buy these British products. Foster Clark's Soup Squares are the most nourishing, most appetising, and most economical Soup Squares yet produced. Each 2d. square makes 1½ pints of delicious and wholesome soup, boiling water being all that is needed.

A Week's Supply for 1/-

A different kind for each day in the week.

Ox Tail. Tomato. Mock Turtle. Lentil. Green Pea. Mulligatawny.

Enough for four persons at each meal. Try the whole assortment for one week for 1/-. Ask your Grocer for them or send a 1/- Postal Order to

FOSTER CLARK, Ltd., (Dept. 10), MAIDSTONE.

Foster Clark's SOUP SQUARES

Just Like Other Men

(Continued from page 9.)

round its outer walls, and with ridiculous windows which seemed to be constructed with the main idea of shutting out as much light as possible.

Everything about the place was new, from the paint on the woodwork to the gravel on the pretentious path and the fragile sandstone which were being coaxed in rows of hideous evenness to become trees. To the discerning eye the place was a painful blot on a fair landscape, but to Lionel, who pictured it as the abode of his divinity, it might have been a heavenly lodge placed within the gates of Paradise.

His feet crunched over the wet gravel, and he knocked on the door with a sound which palpitated like the echo of his own heart.

"I want to see Miss Delaval, please," he said. But the girl who had opened the door stared at him with blank amazement. "I'm afraid I don't know the name, sir," she replied.

"Don't know the name? I have heard of it daily. 'You mean she doesn't live here?'" "No, sir, I've never heard of the name."

"Thank you, I see," he said, and he turned and went.

The blue had gone out of the sky and the sun had ceased to shine as he turned his steps back to the village he had left. Yet the disappointment only sharpened the edge of his determination, and he did what he thought right. He told himself he ought to have done at first—sought out a post office where he could find a local directory.

But the girl he was seeking so vainly was very far away, at the other end of the wide county, sitting by the bedside of a man who raved and slept alternately, and waiting, waiting.

It came at last, the reply to her cable of the day before, and it was a full minute before she dared to open it. And this was the reply:—

"Ten thousand, if you like. Coming England next boat. Arriving December 3.—Piet." Jean Delaval received the cable with a gasp. The calendar. Then Piet Hepstein was bringing the money in person, and he would arrive two days before Ashley Creswick's month was up.

Two days! And in those two days she would have to make her decision, even if she had not done so already. Even so far off the clutch of her agony fastened on her spirit.

There will be an interesting instalment on Monday.

QUESTION OF £6,000.

Charge of Conspiracy to Defraud Against Lady Ida Sitwell and Others.

Lady Ida E. A. Sitwell, of Wood End, Scarborough, Oliver Herbert, of Dover-street, Piccadilly, and J. Field, of Belgrave Mansions, Grosvenor-gardens, again appeared at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday on a summons charging them with conspiring together on April 2, 1912, and on other dates between that and August 14, 1912, at the Curzon Hotel, Curzon-street, and at divers other places to defraud Miss Frances Bennett Dobbs of £6,000.

Mr. R. D. Muir and Mr. R. E. Moore prosecuted. Mr. F. Wynne Wernick defended Field, Mr. McCardie defended Lady Ida Sitwell, and Mr. Bustace Fulton appeared for Herbert.

The prosecution was undertaken by the executors of the late Mr. Charles Owles, a money-lender, who died in 1913, and at the first hearing at the police court it was stated that two bills drawn by Lady Ida Sitwell and accepted by Miss Dobbs, were discounted by Owles.

Subsequently the bills were dishonoured and in an action Lady Ida Sitwell submitted to judgment.

Miss Dobbs, however, successfully resisted a similar judgment, and ultimately Owles obtained a verdict for £6,000. Miss Dobbs succeeded in an appeal against the decision, and during the hearing of that appeal disclosures were made that led to the present proceedings.

It was alleged that Lady Ida Sitwell wrote to Field asking him to get repayment of the bills put off for a month, and that Herbert had written a letter, as agent for Miss Dobbs, agreeing to an extension of time.

At the resumed hearing Frederick William Wright, cashier in the Regent-street branch bank of the London and South Western Bank, gave evidence as to Lady Ida Sitwell's account at that bank during 1912.

On April 1 there was a credit balance of £1 6s. 8d., and on May 9 this was augmented by a cheque (produced) for £2,500.

Subsequently another cheque for £2,000 was placed to her credit. Both cheques were in the name of Mr. Owles. By the end of June the money had all been drawn out, with the exception of £76.

NEWS ITEMS.

Friend That Is Not Wanted.

A Berlin message, according to Reuter, says that, according to the *Forerunners*, the Socialist paper, the *Brussard*, *People's Friend*, has been interdicted till further order.

Swedish Steamer Sunk by Mine.

The Swedish steamer *Dora*, of Gothenburg, struck a mine yesterday in the Gulf of Bothnia, off the Finnish coast, and sank, says Reuter, five of the crew, including the captain, being lost.

More Money and Less Work.

A special meeting of the executive of the Railways' Union, it is stated, will shortly be held to consider the advisability of taking steps to bring about an immediate increase of wages and reduction of working hours.

Mother's Plea to Formidable Survivors.

Mrs. Wright, of Highland, the Crescent, Leatherhead, appeals to survivors of the formidable for any details concerning the last moments of her son, Private V. E. Wright, R.M.L.I., or of any message he may have sent her.

Ten of Saphir's Crew Saved.

Turkish vessels, it is officially announced by the United States Embassy in Constantinople, says Reuter, have picked up and brought to the city ten of the crew of the French submarine *Saphir*, which was sunk by a mine in the Dardanelles.

SNOW STOPS RACING.

The heavy downfall of snow made racing impossible at Windsor yesterday, and soon after nine o'clock the Stewards decided to postpone the first day's card until to-day and abandon the day's racing altogether. A message from the course last night stated that the snow was disappearing rapidly and that racing would be almost certain to-day. Stewards are as follows:

- 1. 0—Maid Hurdle—MILLBRIDGE.
- 1.20—Friday Stakes—VICTOR DE WET.
- 2. 0—Eton Hurdle—ASHORE.
- 2.30—Island Hurdle—SIDLEY.
- 3. 0—Datchet Stakes—MAID MARIAN.
- 3.30—Buckley Stakes—TOP HOLE.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

MILLBRIDGE and ASHORE.

BOUVIERIE.

JIMMY WILDE V. TANCY LEE.

Jimmy Wilde, the wonderful little Welsh boxer, will have the most important contest of his career at the National Sporting Club on Monday, when he meets Tancy Lee for the fly-weight belt, which carries with it the championship of England.

For this occasion the famous *Daily Mirror* lights will be erected at the club and photographs of the contest taken by our days will appear exclusively in *The Daily Mirror*.

AT TO-DAY'S ARMY ATHLETICS.

Mr. Blackpool: Salford H. invitation run and race for medals, 3.15 p.m.

THEATRE AMUSEMENTS.

AMBAASSADORS.—Mdes. Delysia, Hanako, Sim, Balfour; Messrs. Playfair, Morton, O. Harris, Gratian, A. Revue. "ODDS AND ENDS," at 9. Preceded by Hanako in "Odds" at 8.30. Mats. To-day and Thurs. 2.30. DALY'S, Leicester-square. To-day, at 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production. A. C. CRYSTAL GILBY'S Beautiful Pantomime. 100th PERFORMANCE TO-NIGHT.

DRURY LANE. SLEEPING BEAUTY BEAUTIFIED. TWICE DAILY, 1.30 and 7.30.

George Graves, Will Evans, Bertram Wallis, Rene May. Box-office open all day. Gerard 2588.

DUKE OF YORK'S. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. CHARLES FROLMAN presents PETER PAN, by J. M. Barrie. 11th Year. MATINEES EVERY DAY, at 2, and THURSDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, at 8.

GLOBE. To-day, at 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., 2.30. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in PEG O' MY HEART.

HAYMARKET. At 8.30 and 9. THE FLAFLAUTANT. MARY ALLAN, ANN WOOD, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY THORPE. Mats. Weds. Thurs. and Sat. Prices 1s. to 6s. HIS MAJESTY'S PRODUCTIONS.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. To-day, at 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.

HERBERT TERR. EVELYN MILLARD. KINGSWAY.—To-day (Sat.), at 2.30 and 8. NEXT WEEK, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. Sat. Evening only, at 8. THE DYNASTY, by Thomas Hardy.

SPECIAL Performances.—The Mats. Two Evenings. CARLO LIVEN LE CLOUTIER. DAILY, 2.30 and 8.30. Jan. 26th, 2.30; 28th, 2.30 and 8.30; 29th, 2.30 and 8.30. LONDON OPERA HOUSE. Kingsway, W.C. GRAND PANTOMIME, ALADDIN. Twice Daily, 1.30 and 7.0.

War Prices. "The Times" says: "Most Brilliant." "The Dispatch" says: "One of the best in London."

LYRIC THEATRE. THE EARL AND THE GIRL. To-day, at 2.30. Evening only, at 8. Mats. Weds. Weds. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

PALLADIUM. PANTIMINE. Daily, 2.15. LUCK WHITTINGTON. Matinees only.

Clarice Mayne, Harry Weldon and Co. at 1.50. THE BRIGHTEST AND BEST. Popular Prices.

PLAYHOUSE. EVERY DAY, at 2 and 8. LITTLE LORD FAUNTLOEROY.

Popular Prices. Tel. City 5162, Gerr. 3970. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.15. MAT. THURS. SATS., 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. A New Play, by Rudolf Besier. KINGS AND QUEENS. GEORGE ALEXANDER. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.30.

Mace, Weds. and Sat. 2.30. Box-office, Gerr. 3970. SCALA.—SPECIAL RUSSIAN WEEK. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30. WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES, in KINEMACOLOR. ANIMATED WAR MAP.

EVYIA VAVORSKA. SERAFIMA ASTAFIEVA. SHAFTESBURY. F. J. REASON. B. R. TAYLOR, from Friday, the 22nd, until Monday, the 26th inclusive, at 40, Stamford Brook-road, London, W.

HENRY V. LAST PERFORMANCES. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sats., at 2.

WHITELEYS SALE OF PIANOS

RETURNED FROM HIRE, NEW, & SECOND-HAND MONDAY NEXT, JANUARY 25th, and following days

A Wonderful Opportunity to buy practically New Instruments at Second-hand Prices

GRANDS.

NAME AND DESCRIPTION.	Maker's Original Price.	Special SALE PRICE.	PER QUARTER FOR 3 YEARS, 12 Payments.
COLLARD.—Short Grand. Rosewood Case. Length 5 ft. 6 in. Carefully re-finished. A fine specimen by this renowned English Firm	Guineas. 95	Guineas. 39	£ 3. 15. 1
PLEYEL.—Boudoir Grand. Dark Rosewood Case. Length 6 ft. 4 in. Thoroughly re-finished. The make of Chopin's choice. From hire.	105	44	4. 4. 9
BECHSTEIN.—Boudoir Grand. Dark Walnut Case. Length 6 ft. 8 in. 7½ octave. Taken in exchange. In good order.	120	50	4. 16. 3
ASCHERBERG.—Boudoir Grand. Walnut Case. Length 6 ft. Carefully re-finished. Overstrung and quite up to date	100	35	3. 7. 5
BRINSMEAD.—Boudoir Grand. Black-wood Case. Length 6 ft. Suitable for the most exacting musician. Re-finished	105	42	4. 0. 11

UPRIGHTS.

NAME AND DESCRIPTION.	Guineas.	Guineas.	£ s. d.
ALLISON.—Overstrung Upright Grand. Rosewood Case. A fine specimen.	52	29	2. 15. 10
COLLARD.—Overstrung Upright Grand. Rosewood Case. Perfect Piano for a student. Little used. One of the best at this attractive price	50	33	3. 3. 7
WYTON.—Overstrung Upright Grand. Rosewood Case. Splendid value. An instrument for every demand	32	20	1. 18. 6
BRINSMEAD.—Mellow-toned Upright. Rosewood Case. Underdamper action. Very fine example by this eminent maker. From hire.	47	34	3. 5. 6
CHAPPELL.—Overstrung Upright Grand. Rosewood Case. Very mellow tone, touch light and elastic. From hire	52	34	3. 5. 6
BECHSTEIN.—Full-toned Upright. Mahogany Case. Use on hire. Splendid condition	67	39	3. 15. 1

PLAYER PIANOS.

NAME AND DESCRIPTION.	Guineas.	Guineas.	£ s. d.
COLLARD.—Overstrung Upright Grand. Rosewood Case. Standard 63-note scale. A very compact Player which folds under the Keyboard	95	39	3. 15. 1
AUTOPIANO.—Overstrung Upright American Grand. Dark Mahogany Case. 63 and 88-note Player. In first-class condition	120	68	6. 10. 11

Pianos Delivered Free in Districts served by our Motors within about 30 miles; beyond that distance we Pack Free, and send Carriage Paid to the nearest Station.

Whiteley's Exchange Terms of Purchase mean
YOU MAY HAVE A PIANO
by any leading Maker in your
HOME FOR THREE MONTHS
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HAMMERSMITH, W.
Owner and Manager, Mr. J. B. McCalland.
MATHESON LANG
IN
'MR. WU'
Entire Production as at the STRAND THEATRE.
MONDAY, JANUARY 25
For 6 Nights.
MATINEE THURSDAY.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.
Unlucky hairs on face, arms, neck, etc., can now be safely removed. I treat myself of this awful disfigurement, and shall be pleased to send full particulars of how to not only remove the hairs, but permanently kill the roots so that they can never grow again.
I CAN AND WILL HELP YOU.
Write now enclosing two penny stamps, posting expenses, to
MADAME ELOISE,
89, Cornwallis Road, London, N.

"Cadbury's" MILK Chocolate
and a piece of bread
"AN IDEAL MEAL FOR CHILDREN."

HOW the Zoo Animals
Enjoyed the Snow-
fall : : : : Pictures.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

WHAT a Battleship's
Deck Looks Like
After Battle : : Picture.

SURPRISE KISS FOR ALICE.

726983



Miss Alice O'Brien, the operatic singer, who is now a Red Cross nurse in France. When she sang to her patients one of the soldiers jumped up and kissed her. She once played in "The Dollar Princess" at Daly's.

THE PERISCOPE IN THE TRENCH.

9941



Using the periscope on a first-line trench occupied by our gallant French Allies. The soldiers observe the enemy without the risk of raising their heads above the trench.

AN AMBUSH: WILL "BOBBY" BE BOMBARDED?

9.10592



This idyllic snow picture was taken yesterday in London. The little girl, who, of course, should have known better, was so keen on snowballing that she attacked the forces of the law.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

9.10592



These children were up early yesterday morning. They hastened, with many others, to Hampstead Heath, where they made a slide and enjoyed all the delights of sleighing.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)